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THE

Northern Cuckold,

OR, THE *K*

Garden House Intrigue.

A Poem never before Printed.

With an ADDITION to

The Delights of the Bottle;

Or, the Compleat VINTNER.

Wherin are describ'd the Humours of the
T A V E R N Frequenters and Tormenters.

With the South-Sea Song or, Remarks
on the Exchange-Alley Bubbles, as Like-
wise the Spittle-Fields Ballad on the
Calico's.

By the Author of the C A V A L C A D E.

London: Printed for Sam. Briscoe at the Bell-
Savage on Ludgate-Hill. MD CXXI.

Price one shilling and Six Pence.

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THE

W. & A. G. G. G.

OR THE

Golden Horn's History

As soon as the

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The History of the Bank;



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THE
NORTHERN CUCKOLD:
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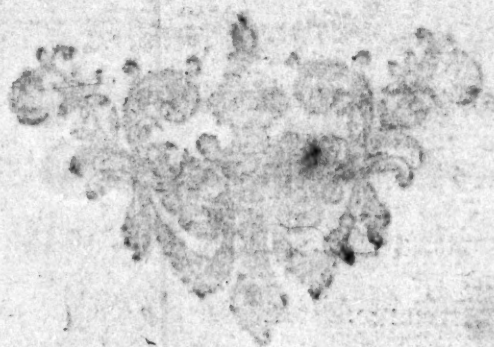


L O N D O N:
Printed in the Year MDCCXXI.

THE
NORTHERN CUCKOLD.

OR THE

Gardenhouse
INTRIGUE.



LONDON.

Printed in the Year MDCCLXXI.



The Northern Cuckold:

O R,

The Garden-House Intrigue.

FAR North from *London* may be seen
 An ancient famous Magazine,
 For which the Rebel Rump, long since,
 Contended with their Injur'd Prince,
 And standing upon Walls of Stone,
 Deny'd Obedience to the Throne.
 In this old Town that sounds so well,
 When nam'd with *Hallifax* and *Hell*,

There dwells a Cuckold of renown,
 Whose Antlers are so overgrown,
 That e'ery Neighbour's Wife that's given
 To send her Husband's Soul to Heaven,
 Seems angry such a waspish Dolthead
 Should wear his Horns so high exalted,
 When each good Woman knows her Spouse
 Has title to as splendid Brows,
 And therefore thinks it hard, one Brother
Cornutus should out-top another.
 Thus Strife and Envy will arise,
 Not only'n Virtue but in Vice;
 For as no pious Lady cares
 To see herself outdone at Prayers,
 So she that's wicked hates to be
 Excell'd, tho' in Iniquity.

But, Reader, now before we enter
 Upon our amorous Adventure,

Or tell you how our Northern Blade
 Was dub'd a Buck of the first Head,
 We'll speak a Word or two concerning
 His Occupation and his Learning,
 And let you know what sort of Dame
 He hugs, to sooth his Nuptial Flames;
 As also what a servile Tool
 His Buxom Lady chose to cool
 That lustful Itch, which many say,
 Her Husband ne'er had Power to lay,
 Did therefore, like a good Man, hire
 An Understrapper to supply her,
 That what the Master did delay
 At Night, his Man might do by Day.

*Thus merry Gossips love, we know,
 To have two Strings unto their Bow,
 That when one fails their Expectation,
 T'other may give them titulation.*

This

This fam'd *Asson*, whom I chuse
 At present, to inspire my Muse,
 That she may sing in cheerful Meter,
 Of Horns and Cuckoldom the better,
 Is *Jack of all Trades* by Profession,
 So call'd in Northern part o' th' Nation,
 A Man of Wood, and eke of Metal,
 That deals by Wholesale and Retail,
 In Planks and divers Wares that come
 From distant Parts of Christendom;
 Yet ne'er could find one Stick of Wood,
 To baste a bad Wife for her good;
 Not but, when Drunk, he now and then
 Corrects her, but 'tis all in vain:
 For when he beats her, 'tis her nature
 To still grow worse, instead of better,
 Pursuing with undaunted Gait,
 The thing for which she suffers most.

*Thus modern Wives, like Saints of old,
 Are made by Punishments more bold,*

And

And always shew most Resolution,
When under greatest Persecution,
 Not all the Wood our Noddy boasts;
 If saw'd to Pails and hew'd to Posts,
 Would build a strong sufficient Fence
 To bound his Wife's Concupiscence,
 But still she'd leap o'er all to find
 Some Jolly Youngster to her Mind;
 For sporting Ladies are such Witches,
 No Bars can keep 'em from the Breeches;
 But, Hunter like, they'll boldly fly
 O'er all that interrupts their Joy,
 And wildly hazard their undoing,
 To catch the Game they are pursuing.

Nor is her Spouse, whose Forehead bears
 The Failings of her younger Years,
 Without a darling Vice, as great
 As that which taints his Nuptial Mate,

For

For, as she dearly loves gallanting,
 He's charm'd with drinking, roaring, ranting,
 And hugs the Bottle with as great
 Delight as she can hug her Mate,
 That few can tell, 'tixt Man and Wife,
 Which leads the most voluptuous Life;
 Or who, in truth, is most to blame,
 The toaping Cuckold, or the Dame,
 Tho' were her hidden amorous Tricks,
 As open as his drunken Freaks,
 We then perhaps might justly say,
 Her droughy soft salacious Clay,
 Would swallow more of human Spirit,
 Than all his Intrails does of Claret.
 For wou'd lewd Women in reality,
 Confess their own weak Sex's frailty,
 We then should find some Tittle-tattles,
 Would bear more Men than Men can Bottles.

Not that our Northern Cuckold's *Whither*
D'ye go, is such a Doxy neither,
 For tho' she does require, 'tis true,
 Much more than what her Spouse can do,
 Yet she was ne'er but once detected,
 And for that only stands corrected;
 For tho' a thousand times we Sin
 At that old Game of in and in,
 'Tis prudence still to save our Bacon,
 And not to own our Faults till taken;
 Nay, then t'affirm it o'er and o'er,
 We never did the like before.

For as the Spy that lays the Snare,
Will make things worse than what they are,
So Sinners catch'd, by dint of Nature,
Will Lye and Swear to make things better.

This is the Case, I dare averr,
 Of our obliging Lady fair;

F

Who

Who, tho' some Eyes had been upon her,
 And almost see her stain her Honour,
 Like Woman causelessly abus'd,
 Deny'd it stiffly when accus'd.
 Thus Lying, tho' a Sin so poultry,
 Is highly useful in Adultry,
 May also claim a near relation
 To venial simple Fornication;
 For Bawdy Batchelors and Maids,
 Unmarry'd Punks and single Blades,
 When catch'd administering the Nipple,
 Will Fib as bad as marry'd People;
 For she that values Reputation,
 Yet loves a little Titulation,
 Tho' you surprize her Spark upon her,
 Will swear 'tis false, to save her Honour,
 And if you'd know the Reason why,
 All Lovers thus are giv'n to lye,
 Most Casuists skill'd in *Rem* and *Re*,
 In am'rous Cases do agree,

er, The shame of being catch'd therein,
Is ten times greater than the Sin.

Madam in this Opinion, sure,
Had been instructed o'er and o'er,
Or else she could not have deny'd
A Fact so plainly testify'd,
That not a Midwife, should she hear her
Defence, has Impudence to clear her;
And therefore I'll proceed to put
The Case, as Things fell in and out,
And show how Envy did discover
The Pastime of herself and Lover.

As ancient Hist'ries are exact
In Days and Years, as well as Fact,
That after Ages may be wise,
In judging former Truths from Lyes;
So Poets, when they sing and rhyme
Of Love, should have regard to Time;

The

Or how should studious Ambulators,
 That search *Moorfields* for Songs and Satyrs,
 Point out the Day to Brother Ninny,
 When bonny *Jockey* mow'd young *Jenny*,
 Or when poor *Roger*, to his Sorrow,
 Gave fruitful *Dol* a kind Good-morrow;
 Therefore, since these are Things of moment
 On which the World are apt to comment,
 I'll sing in Form, without delay,
 O'th' Season first, and then the Day.

In sultry Weather, when the Fleas
 Bit Wives and Maids above their Knees,
 And forc'd 'em, e'ery Summer's Night,
 To look their Smocks by Candle-light;
 'Twas then, upon the first of *July*,
 A *Sunday*, kept by Christians Holy,
 When Sinners go to Church to seek
 The Lord for all the following Week,

That Madam, having not the Grace
Of God before her pretty Face,
Guided by pow'rful Inclination,
Resolv'd to sooth her am'rous Passion,
And to improve that Afternoon,
Whilst Jealous *Jack* was out of Town.

Accordingly she Sighs, and feigns
The Vapours in her Love-sick Brains,
T' excuse her from that Day's Devotion,
For something else she had in Motion.

Her good old Uncle and her Mother,
As Pious each as one another,
To Church repair'd, and with them took
A third, with e'ery one their Book,
Not thinking what was to be done,
Behind their Backs, as soon as gone;
Tho' Mothers, who have felt the Pow'r
Of Love, and know the pleasing Cure,

Will

Will rather cloak and forward Matters,
 Than baulk the Longings of their Daughters,
 Because they find, let who will grant it,
 Women must have it when they want it.

The only Stumbling-block that spoil'd
 The Sport, were now the Nurse and Child;
 But as kind Ladies Heads ne'er fail
 Of cunning Shifts to serve the Tail,
 A Quaking Sister of the Light,
 Who'd bid this sinful World good Night,
 That Afternoon was to be carry'd
 On four Saints Shoulders to be bury'd;
 This furnish'd Madam with a Thought
 Convenient to advance her Plot,
 Like a true Female Politician,
 Without the danger of Suspicion,

Accordingly she feigns an Ayre
 As grave as any Bawd at Pray'r,

And

And tells the Nurse, the solemn Sight,
 Perhaps, might give the Child delight,
 And therefore bids the Gossip go
 With the young Babe to see the Show :
 The willing Nurse, not thinking harm,
 Departs with Infant in her Arm,
 And leaves her solitary Dame
 To Nod, kill Fleas, or take a Dram.

But Madam, now the Coast was clear,
 And all things ripe to meet her Dear,
 Her Bubbies wash'd, her Smock as white
 As *Cloe's* on her Wedding Night,
 Before Enjoyment has defil'd it,
 And with the Tears of Pleasure soil'd it,
 Her Apron like the driven Snow,
 Her Head-dress fit to charm a Beau ;
 No Stays around her yielding Wast, ^{From}
 But all as soft as rising Paste, ^{in silence}

Before

Before it's form'd for Fruit or Meat,
 Or harden'd into Crust by Heat ;
 Her Belly round with often Brooding,
 But tender as a Quaking-Pudding ;
 Her Buttocks plump, but pliant grown
 As Velvet Cushions stuff'd with Down,
 Which serve not only those that own 'em,
 But yield to all that press upon 'em.

Thus loosely for the Sport attir'd,
 With Love and Lust alike inspir'd,
 Her Court she crosses at the Hour
 Appointed, to her shady Bower,
 Which she unlock'd, then look'd about her
 As if she fear'd some Spy should tout her,
 Then turning of the Key, secur'd
 The Door, and so became immur'd.
 From thence she crept, like fearful Mouse
 In silence to her Garden-house,

There feasted for a while upon
The thoughts of what was to be done,
As soon as her Gallant should meet her,
And like a trusty Lover greet her.

*For Women, tho' tis sultry Weather,
Delight in things put well together,
Who therefore can do less than wonder,
How Men and Maids are kept asunder?*

At length another Garden Door
Flew open, that was lock'd before,
And in there pop'd an am'rous Beau,
Who look'd as if well mann'd below.
Then fast'ning well the Door within,
At which he'd slyly enter'd in,
He step'd to th' place where Madam sat
In pain, expecting you know what.

Now all was hush, no Squeaks or Cries
Did any Neighbour's Ear surprize,

No Pray Sir, Nay Sir, Pish, or Fie Sir,
 Be civil, or I vow I'll cry Sir;
 No sign of any Rape committed,
 But both were still as if things fitted;
 For neither side, in all their Sport,
 Complain'd of Rudeness or of Hurt:
 Thus what they did, pass'd off in silence,
 A proof she was not kiss'd by violence,
 But that both Parties were agreed
 To freely do whate'er they did.

*So mutual Lovers, when they meet
 With equal Souls and equal Heat,
 Hug, Clasp and Kiss, without a potter,
 And jump with Joy one into t'other.*

At length, when Madam had been well
 Refresh'd, and towz'd from Head to Tail,
 And her Gallant, as we may guess,
 Quite surfeited with Happiness,

Out comes the sweating Spark from sinning,
 And sets to rights his rumpl'd Linnen,
 Hitches his Breeches up more fast,
 As if fresh button'd round his Waist,
 Like one just started from the Seat,
 Where Mortals drop one half they eat;
 But he had been, we may surmise,
 At much more noble Exercise;
 Tho' some unpolish'd Brutes, perhaps,
 Who deal in Drabs and meet with Claps,
 Will say that Squitting far surpasses
 The Pleasures of a Nymph's Embraces.

No sooner had our spruce young Beau
 Trim'd all above and all below,
 But hanging down his Head, like one
 That had some shameful Action done,
 He makes his *Exit* at the Door
 He'd enter'd at not long before,

Locks it, and in a Hole bestows
 The Key, and then to Church he goes,
 Like any Saint, to ask God's Pardon
 For Sins committed in the Garden.
So pious Knaves, who thrive by Fraud,
By no Religion check'd or aw'd,
When Rich, would fain compound with Heav'n
And humbly pray to be forgiven,

Next out came Madam from her Bower,
 More red than any blushing Flow'r,
 Who was, and is, 'till warm'd with Action,
 By nature of a pale Complexion,
 Her Garment much gallanted look'd, (streak'd
 Which, with her Hands she smooth'd and
 And likewise, with her tender Fingers,
 New quill'd her curling rumpl'd Pinders,
 Puff'd up her Gown and Coif behind,
 Made flat by being over kind,

As if she'd stretch'd herself upon
 The Floor, which happen'd to be Stone,
 Too hard a Cushion for the Joys
 Of Love's sweet downy Exercise;
 But Proverb says, and we must own,
 Hard Shifts are better far than none.

When Madam thus had stoll'n the Bliss,
 And righted all she found amiss,
 She reassumes her modest Ayres,
 And to her Lodge again repairs,
 Not dreaming any Eye had seen 'em,
 Or overlook'd what pass'd between 'em;
 But, Fortune, who does often prove
 A spiteful Enemy to Love,
 Tho' blind herself she had her Spies
 To watch 'em with revengeful Eyes,
 Such as well knew the Cuckoldmaker
 To be her Husband's Understrapper,

A Jolly

A Jolly Youth, employ'd to share
 The burthen of his Master's Care;
 But not behind his Back to do
 The drudg'ry of his Mistress too,
 Which if he did, without some Profit,
 He'd but a damn'd hard Bargain of it;
 For who, that's wise, would take the Pains
 To Sin for Pleasure without Gains,
 Or give another's Wife manuring,
 For nothing but the sake of Whoring.

However, this young Blade was ready
 To please the Merchant or his Lady,
 Bought in and sold, receiv'd and paid,
 And carry'd on the Timber Trade,
 Thro' all the Week, excepting Sunday,
 But for dear Madam, work'd that one Day,
 Because in Proverbs old we read,
The better Day the better Deed;

And

And therefore they resolv'd to play
 Their Game upon that Holy Day.
 As if the Pleasure was the sweeter,
 Because the Fault was made the greater.

*So Armies that dispute the Right
 Of Kings, with so much heat and spight,
 Chuse Sunday often to decide
 The doubtful Cause by Battle try'd.*

No sooner had some curious Eye

Beheld the Dame's Obliquity,
 But round the Town the merry Tale
 Was spread, and told o'er nappy Ale,
 Till made the Jest of e'ery Sinner,
 When o'er his Cups, or at his Dinner,
 The Mirth of Gossips, and the Pride
 Of all to Cuckoldom ally'd;
 For who that's Woman can conceal
 A Female Sister's doing ill,

And

And not be glad to bear the Tidings
Of any neighb'ring Wife's Backslidings.

Thus was the Story buz'd about,
Attested well, you need not doubt,
For Women ne'er want open Mouths
To broach or witness bawdy Truths,
When 'tis to slander or bespatter
A handsome Wife or buxom Daughter.

As evil Secrets seldom long
Lie hid from those that bear the Wrong,
So this sad Family disaster
Soon reach'd fair Madam's Lord and Master
For bosom Friend or busy Ebe
Will tell us what we would not know,
And always take delight to tease us
With News they're well assur'd wont please us

Alas

Alas! the same ill-favour'd Luck
 Attended our poor Northern Buck;
 For e'ery one was glad to tell him
 Oth' sad Mischance that had befall him,
 News as delightful to his Ear
 As sound of Drum to Wolf or Bear;
 For tho' a Man believes or thinks
 His Wife to be a naughty Minx,
 He hates to hear another say
 She's loose, or that she runs astray;
 Because his Brows must be the Sharers
 Of all her sinful slipp'ry Errors;
 Therefore the Husband must defend
 The Honour of his Wife's But-end,
 Or else submit his sprouting Head
 Toth' wanton Tail that wrongs his Bed;
 And own himself to be a poor
 Tame Cuckold and his Wife a Who'r

'Twas for these Reasons, many say,
Cornutus thought it the best way
 To justify his Lady's Honour,
 Against the Scandal thrown upon her,
 Consid'ring if the Voice of Fame
 Should credit gain, that all her Shame
 Must fall at last upon his Head,
 And ever there be rivetted;
 Therefore, when Drunk, with addl'd Crown,
 He rav'd and roar'd about the Town,
 And vow'd Revenge on Whig or Tory,
 That durst report this Story.
 At length, when he had lain *perdu*
 Some time, to catch he knew not who,
 After much watchful Labour,
 By chance, he fixes on a Neighbour,
 Resolving to severely handle
 Him, as the Author of the Scandal.

Accordingly, to plague him for't,
 He cites him to the Bishop's Court,
 And makes him, after much Expence,
 Do Penance for his great Offence,
 Mounted in Church on Buffet Stool,
 Pursuant to the ancient Rule,
 There, in a Winding-Sheet, as white
 As any Ghost that walks the Night,
 He made a penitent Confession
 Of his unneighbourly Transgression,
 And, midst the Rabble, got together,
 Declar'd what Cuckold brought him thither,
 And, to the Husband's further Shame,
 Publish'd the Failings of the Dame.

*Thus Fools that do their Pursestrings draw,
 In hopes to stifle Guilt by Law,
 At their own Cost the Scandal spread,
 And beighten the Reproach they dread.*

Now, if the Reader wants to hear
 What the kind Dame can say to clear
 Her Innocence against the Charge
 Some busy Tongues set forth at large,
 True Woman like, she'll cry and quibble,
 And vow and swear upon a Bible,
 She met not, in the Garden-house,
 Her Confident, to wrong her 'Spouse,
 But to discover, if she cou'd,
 How'r Husband's Circumstances stood,
 To judge from thence, if he was able
 To spare her some new costly Bauble,
 Perhaps a Watch, Gold Chain and Locket,
 Or some few Guineas for her Pocket ;
 Tho' most believe the thing she wanted,
 Was what her dear Gallant had granted,
 Else she had not appear'd all over
 Like Blowze just tumbl'd by her Lover,
 Sweating as much as Gammar *Laycock*,
 Just rais'd by *Ralph* from Mow or Haycock.

Next

Next this pretence, another lame
 Excuse she frames, to hide her Shame,
 Which is, that she by chance had found
 An ancient Author, much renown'd,
 Whose Print was obsolete and hard
 To read, and therefore she desir'd
 Her Servant, whom she knew to be
 A better Scholar far than she,
 To con o'er half a dozen Pages,
 To shew the Wit of former Ages,
 Hoping from thence to gather more
 Than Woman ever knew before.

Thus, Madam, from young Flesh and Blood,
 Soon learn'd by Book how Matters stood,
 And grew so knowing that her 'Spouse
 Felt Female Wisdom on his Brows,
 The place which, Artists do agree,
 Tells Tales in Physiognomy;

There-

Therefore all Conj'rors read the Forehead,
 To know Folks Fortunes that are marry'd,
 Because the upper Lines best show
 The bent of what lies hid below ;
 Or how should Wizards guess by Faces,
 The Marks and Moles in other Places,
 Or find by Ladies rowling Eyes,
 Which way their Inclination lies.

Thus Madam, when detected, try'd
 All ways to prove she'd been bely'd,
 But still her blushing Cheeks betray'd
 Her Guilt, in spite of all she said.
 Therefore her Cuckold had much better
 Subscribe himself a Horned Creature,
 Than labour to defend his Head
 From Horns so firmly rivetted :
 Besides, they cannot shameful be,
 Since worn by greater Men than he.

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The Delights of the Bottle ;
O R, T H E
C O M P L E A T V I N T N E R.

With the H U M O U R S of

Bubble Upstarts.
Stingy Wranglers.
Dinner Spungers.
Jill Tiplers.
Beef Beggars.
Cook Teasers.

Pan Soppers.
Plate Twirlers.
Table Whilters.
Drawer Biters.
Spoon Pinchers.
And other Tavern
Tormenters.

A Merry P O E M.

To which is added,
A *South-Sea* S O N G upon the late Bubbles.

By the Author of the C A V A L C A D E.

The Third Edition.

*The Fair, 'tis true, yield wonderful Delights,
But when we're old torment us with their Sights.
The Bottle therefore is a faster Friend,
Because that kindly sooths us to our End.*

London ; Printed for Sam. Briscoe at the Bell-Savage on Ludgate-Hill: 1721.

Price One Shilling.

The Delights of the Bottle; OR, THE COMPLETE VINTNER

With the Honour of

Pan Soppers. Plate Twinklers. Table Whiskers. Drawer Bickers. Spoon Pinders. And other Tavern Tormentors.	Bubble Gossamers. Stringy Whingers. Dinner Squanders. Still Sippers. Root Beggars. Cook Testers.
---	---



To which is added
A Second-Set Song upon the late Bubbles
By the Author of the CAVACADE.
The Third Edition.

The Fair, virtuous, yield wonderful Delights,
But when we're old, we're wiser, and wish their Sights.
The Bottle therefore is a safer Friend,
Because that kindly foams us to our End.
London: Printed for Sam. Balcan at the Bell-2-
age on Ludgate-Hill. 1721.

Price One Shilling.



The Delights of the Bottle;

O R, And nothing giv'n in vain

The Compleat Vintner, &c.



Bacchus, with thy noble Juice,

Inspire my long neglected

(Muse,

And raise her by thy gen'rous

(Power,

As high as human Wit can tow'r;

That she may loudly sing the Fame

Of all that celebrate thy Name,

And make their Merits far outshine

Their Ruby Cheeks when o'er their Wine;

That the ungrateful World may know,

How much we grov'ling Mortals owe,

To thy adopted Sons and Thee,
 Those Parents of Felicity.
 From whose full Cellars we derive
 That Warmth which keeps the World alive;
 For should not *Bacchus* bless the Earth,
 All would be Labour without Mirth,
 And nothing giv'n us but a Wife,
 To recompence the Toils of Life,
 With Children and domestick Strife.

When tir'd with intricate Affairs,
 Or punish'd with invidious Cares;
 When Disappointment gives us trouble,
 In *South-Sea*, or some other Bubble;
 When Dunns, by their impatient Canting,
 Perplex us, 'cause the Money's wanting;
 When teas'd at Home by Nuptial Dowdy,
 Too Fond, too Noisy, or too Moody;
 Whither can Man repair to find
 Relief, when thus disturb'd in Mind,

But

But to those Mansions where the best
 Of Cordial Wines delight the Taste,
 And comfort the uneasy Breast.

Thither Physicians fly to save
 Themselves from the devouring Grave,
 And, to preserve their Health, imbibe
 Much safer Draughts than they prescribe,
 What Doctors or Dispensers care
 To take the Physick they prepare,
 Or when themselves are out of order,
 Will run the hazard of Self-murder?
 When ailing, they're too wise to sport
 With Nature, by the Rules of Art;
 They've no recourse to damn'd Emetics,
 Catharticks, Opiates, Diarhœticks,
 They'll turn not up their Bums to Clysters,
 Nor flea their Backs with Spanish Blisters,
 Or will themselves depend upon
 This Course, or that Catholicon;

But

But their declining Health repair,
With cordial Wines and wholesome Air.
So cunning Guides that lead their Hearers,
For Int'rest, into dang'rous Errors,
Renounce the Cheat, in their decay,
And seek the Lord a safer way.

Not but Physicians are of use
To those that do their Health abuse;
Pills, Powders, Balsams, and the like,
May comfort Patients when they're sick,
And costly Juleps may be good
To cleanse the Purse, if not the Blood:
But when the Doctor finds the least
Indisposition touch his Breast,
He wisely passes by the Shop
Where all his Slops are hust'd up,
And thoughtless of his Drops or Pills,
To the next Tavern sily steals,

Submitting, there, the healing Pow'r
 Of Art, to some more Skilful Draw'r,
 Consulting him, without a Fee,
 What his next Cordial-draught shall be.
 And thus, at once, removes the Qualm
 With potent Mountain, or with Palm.

*So Dame Imperious, when her Dear
 Is sick with drinking rot-gut Beer,
 She stufs the poor dejected Fool
 With Sheep-head-Broth, or Water-Gruel;
 But when she finds herself oppress'd
 With Tooth-ach, Wind, or throbbing Breast,
 Good Ale and Brandy must be had,
 Or else she dies stark staring mad.*

Our Teachers too, who would dethrone
 The God of Wine and pull him down,
 And, by their Doctrine, make us think,
 'Tis almost Popery to drink;

In

Sub-

In Pulpit at the Bottle rail,
 And damn the Drunkard, Tooth and Nail,
 As if they fear'd the crow'd of Laymen,
 Who work like Slaves to drink like Draymen,
 Should swallow all the best and leave
 No Priest-Wine for the Pudding sleeve;
 Therefore, since Laicks take the freedom
 To drink like Fish, if not exceed 'em,
 I see no reason but each Guide
 Should liquor their Canonick Pride,
 And drink as well as those they ride.

Besides, who loves the Bottle better,
 Than he that rails against the Creature?
 As Maidens seemingly despise
 The only darling of their Eyes.
 For Wine, tho' very bad for some
 That gorge it *super naculum*
 Till Reason, which we Mortals boast,
 Is in their drunken Hickups lost:

Yet

Yet always, for the Cloth, take notice,
 'Tis good, *in verbum Sacerdotis*,
 Because as well becomes their Station,
 They kiss the Cup with Modestation,
 Except by Chance when Holy Men
 With Holy Brethren meet, and then
 Each others Failings they connive at,
 And sip as Ladies do in private;
 But Virtue, that submits to one
 Small Sin, may into greater run.
*As Wisemen, when they break their Rules,
 Become the most unguarded Fools.*

The Lawyers too, whose crabbed Studies,
 In time, raise Students to be Judges,
 By help of Wines, our Vintners draw,
 Slide thro' the Mazes of the Law,
 And conquer knotty Tasks with ease
 Such as would pose a Hercules;

For, of all Labors, none transcend
The Works that on the Brain depend:
Nor could we finish Great Designs,
Without the Power of Gen'rous Wines;
For, as substantial hearty Food
Is for the grosser Body good,
So all the brighter Parts of Nature,
Refin'd from more Ethereal Matter,
Require the more Celestial Juices,
To render 'em fit for nobler Uses.

Well may the Poet's Fancy halt,
That's doom'd to Rhime o'er muddy Malt
A Theme so naked and jejune,
It puts all Fancy out of Tune,
And makes Apollo's thoughtful Son
As dull as what he writes upon:
Change but his Liquor into Wine,
And Wit must lash in ev'ry Line;

For all we write, do say, or think, and
 Are but the Sportings of our Drink,
 When a low Purse (the Lord defend us)
 Does to the Alehouse humbly send us,
 We fuddle, just like Gossamers and Cuckoos,
 Belch, wrangle, fart, and talk like Puppies,
 And not one merry Word that's bright
 Shall pass the Board from Noon to Night,
 But when we to the Tavern steer,
 With Pocket full and Temper clear,
 My Landlord's Bacchanalian Face,
 The charming Bottle and the Glass,
 The tinkling of the Bell at Bar,
 The grateful News of *Coming Sir*,
 Madam's sweet Voice, which, like a Law,
 Keeps all the list'ning Draw'rs in awe,
 Field such a harmony of Sounds,
 As the kind Bottle goes its rounds,
 That Wit and Wine fill e'ery Brain,
 And make us rather Gods than Men.

Thus, *Bacchus*, 'tis alone to thee,
 We Mortals owe our Jollity,
 Without thy Aid, *Apollo* soon
 Must abdicate his Sapient Throne,
 And, wanting Nectar to support him,
 Untune his Lyre that makes us court him
 For neither Heathen Gods above,
 Nor Mortals that beneath 'em move,
 Can, without *Bacchus*, Live or Love.

What Orator at Bar can plead,
 'Till he has rins'd his thoughtful Head,
 Or, with a chearful Morning's Draught,
 Refresh'd the Glandules of his Throat,
 And wash'd from his awaking Mind,
 The Dregs that Sleep had left behind,
 The Tongue is like a Water-Mill,
 Which, wanting Liquor, must stand still
 But when with Wine 'tis well supply'd,
 As the Bridge Engine with the Tide,

It grinds and polishes our Wit
 And makes our stubborn Language fit
 To sooth and qualify the Fury
 Of angry Judge or partial Jury.
 What Man can, by the Force of Nature,
 Be truly bright without the Creature?
 Or rouse the Wit which Heaven has giv'n him
 Unless a Bottle to enliven him?
 No Lover sure can die for Beauty
 Or pine for Joys above the Shoe-tye;
 No Hero hack or hew his Way
 Thro' bloody Storms for little Pay,
 Nor any mortal Soul incline
 To Love, or Brav'ry, but by Wine;
 Without it we should ne'er have heard
 Of this wise Lord, that wond'rous Bard,
 Or known the Names of Politician;
 Priest, Poet, Lawyer, or Physician;
 For when we read of mighty things
 Perform'd by Heroes or by Kings!

Believe

Believe they quaff'd off brimming Goblets,
 Before they lac'd their Iron Doublets,
 And, *Dutchman* like, would never fight
 A stroke, until their Hearts were light;
 So that, in short, those valiant Deeds
 That fill our Hist'ries and our Heads,
 Were to the Honour of the Vine,
 Not done by Warriors, but by Wine.

Great *Alexander*, to inflame
 His Soul, that thirsted after Fame,
 As some Historians do report,
 Tip'd off five Gallons and a Quart,
 And then, into a Rapture hurl'd,
 He arm'd, and conquer'd all the World:
 Hence modern Songs most justly say,
 That *Wine* does *Wonders* ev'ry Day.

The sober Sot is all Mens loathing,
 A worthless Muckworm, good for nothing.

A Spy upon his Neighbour's Vices,
 A Wretch that every one despises,
 A saving Rogue whose pinch-guts Pence
 Will damn him for that dire Offence
 To Torments endless and severe,
 Deserv'd by starving Misers here.
 These are the Sneakers that decline
 For Wealth the charming Power of Wine,
 And seek to please no other Itch,
 But that of growing basely rich,
 These are the sordid Slaves that muse
 O'er Coffee, Tea and lying News,
 Abjurors of the noble Tun
 That *Bacchus* sits enthron'd upon,
 Who never at one Meeting spend
 Above Three-half-pence with a Friend;
 None durst exclaim against the use
 Of Wine, or blame that heav'nly Juice,
 But sober Miscreants, such as these are,
 Fit to hatch Plots or stab a *Cesar*;

For Wine's of such a loyal Nature,
 That 'twill unlock the close-mouth'd Traytor,
 And make him in his Cups, betray
 The impious Game he means to play;
 'Tis, therefore Men of ill Design
 Avoid good Fellows and good Wine,
 As jolly Mortals should those Asses,
 That hug their Gold and fling their Glasses.

What Am'rous Youth to Love inclin'd,
 Can press dear *Phyllis* to be kind,
 In Words that will at once inspire
 The blushing Nymph with like Desire,
 Till noble Wine has wash'd away
 Those Fears that does their Joys delay,
 And banish'd from their trembling Youth
 The native Bashfulness of both;
 Then mutually inclin'd to bless
 Each other with a soft Embrace,

Their

Their struggling Souls with vigour meet,
 And kindly taste the *short and sweet*,
 Thus Love can only with his Darts
 Perplex and terrify our Hearts,
 But Gen'rous *Bacchus* pity takes,
 And heals the Wounds that *Cupid* makes.

What Priest can join two Lovers Hands,
 But Wine must seal the Marriage Bonds;
 From Church to Tavern they repair,
 To crown their solemn Nuptials there:
 As if celestial Wine was thought
 Essential to the sacred Knot,
 And that each Bridegroom and his Bride
 Believ'd they were not firmly ty'd
 Till *Bacchus*, with his bleeding Tun,
 Had finish'd what the Priest begun;
 No Love, no Contract, no Handfasting,
 No Bonds of Friendship can be lasting;

No

No Bargain made, or Quarrel ended,
 No Int'rest mov'd, or Cause defended,
 No Mirth advanc'd, no Musick Sweet,
 No humane Happiness compleat,
 Or joyful Day, unless its crown'd
 With Claret, and the Glas goes round.

Since all the frothy Joys of Life,
 Musick, a Mistress, or a Wife,
 Except we do the same imbellish
 With noble Wine, quite lose their Relish
 Who can be happy, tho' in Health,
 With Beauty, Grandure, Wit, or Wealth?
 Unless kind *Bacchus* crowns the Blessing,
 And makes it worthy our possessing.

What's Woman, when the Heat is over?
 But Rue and Wormwood to her Lover,
 All sweet at first, like purging Potion,
 Prescrib'd to put our Guts in Motion,

But when its down, oft leaves, we find, A
A curst bitter Tang behind

What's Musick but a fulsome sound,
That cloy's, except the Glass goes round?
And makes us duller than a Whore
At Church, by that time Psalms are o'er.

What's dirty Land, or boarded Goit,
To him that fears to purchase Wine?
He's curs'd with all his useless Drink,
And damn'd alive, that durst not drink,
Or trespass on his ill-got Treasure,
For one short Day's expensive Pleasure.

What, tho' the Blockhead prides himself
Amidst his heaps of yellow Pelf,
He's but a Jaylor at the best,

His Pris'n an Iron Trunk or Chest,
Where his dear Mammon lies committed,
Till its poor Turkey dies unpity'd,
And then his famish'd Sons let fly
The Gold that charm'd the Father's Eye.

And in full Tables and rich Clothing,
 Reduce the hoarded Sums to nothing,
 For Money, which old old Misers rake
 Together, o'er the Devil's Back,
 The Wise from Observation, tell ye,
 Is always spent beneath his Belly;
 Yet, better 'tis t'enjoy the Creature,
 Than hoard to th' prejudice of Nature;
 For, of the two, the Spendthrift's wiser
 Than the poor starving pinch-gut Miser,
 Because, one freely spends with pleasure,
 What t'other scrapes with Pain together,
 And only has the Plague and Care
 Of keeping what he fears to spare.

Thus mighty Wealth to Misers giv'n
 Is nothing but the Mock of Heaven,
 That tempts the humble Fool to wave
 His Bonnet to the Golden Knave,

And makes the Muckworm fallily think,
 He's Great and Happy in his Chink,
 When none are blest'd but those that drink.

Give me the gen'rous Soul that dares
 To drown in Wine all worldly Cares,
 The Jolly Heart who freely spends
 His Surplus with his Bottle Friends,
 And envies not those South-Sea Noddies
 That loll in Coaches with their Dowdies,
 Nor all the glitt'ring Pomp that waits
 On Powers, Titles, and Estates,
 But one that does for Pleasure choose
 Some Tavern where Good-Fellows use,
 And ne'er seems backward, when he's there,
 Of spending what he well can spare,
 But hugs the Flask, and frankly bends
 To all the Motions of his Friends,
 Those Bosom Ministers of Ease,
 So hard to find and hard to please.

Let stingy Mortals rail at Wine,
 And angry Wives reproach the Vine,
 Let all the sober Saints decry
 The Bottle and its Charms defy,
 Let Misers damn the Cordial Creature,
 Because they love their Money better,
 And ne'er get fill'd, or elevated,
 But when at publick Feasts they're treated,
 I'll laugh at the penurious Knave,
 And honour *Bacchus* to my Grave;
 No more enslave my self by Thinking,
 But make my self a King by drinking,
 Yet first, my Muse shall let you see
 What Vintners are, or ought to be,
 Those Demy Gods, from whose rich Cellars
 Arise, *Popes*, *Addisons*, and *Knellers*,
 And ev'ry Worthy that can claim
 A place in the Records of Fame;
 For all that's excellent or fine,
 Derive their Origin from Wine,

And

And should each Vintner shut his Door,
 Love, Wit and Arts would be no more.
 But all the Land become at once,
 A dirty Hive of stupid Drones.

*So Bees, when they have lost their Stings,
 Grow dull and hang their drooping Wings.*



CANTO II.

The Compleat Vintner.

IN Ages past liv'd many Scores
 Of Sages, call'd Philosophers,
 Who wisely judg'd of this and that,
 And taught their Foll'wers what was what;
 Some fam'd for Patience in Affliction,
 Some, for close Study and Restriction,
 Some, for Contempt of Pain and Pleasure,
 Some, for despising worldly Treasure,
 Some

Some, for Abstaining, some for Quaffing,
 Some for much Weeping, some for Laughing,
 Some, for their snarling at their Betters,
 Others for being Woman-haters,
 Some, for the useful Books they've writ,
 And others, for sarcastick Wit,
 All aiming, in those Halcyon Days;
 To please themselves, tho' diff'rent ways,
 And to increase their foll'wing Crowds,
 That almost worship'd 'em as Gods.
 But he that's an adopted Son
 Of *Bacchus*, and attends the Tun,
 Must be as wise, or wiser rather,
 Than all these Sages put together;
 They only pleas'd their own ill-nature,
 But He has all the World to flatter,
 The Proud, the Surly, and the Peevish,
 The Rich, the Scoundrel, and the Knaveish,
 The Learn'd, the Wise, the Grave and Dull
 The Wit, the Spendthrift Prodigal,

The

The pamper'd Fool, the sponging Sharper,
 The odious Wrangler and the Carper,
 The Rake, the Gamester and the Bully,
 The Prig, the common Jilt, the Cully,
 The saving Humx, and ev'ry base
 Ill Temper found in humane Race.
 Jove, therefore, at the Intercession
 Of *Bacchus*, gave to the Profession
 Of Vintners, the mutative Pow'r
 That *Proteus* had in Times of Yore,
 By which they change their humane Shapes,
 For Int'rest sake, from Men to Apes,
 Or whatso'er will best agree
 With this or that Fool's Company,
 Nor is't their Fault to thus submit
 Themselves, to others want of Wit;
 The failing is in those proud Asses,
 That Lord it too much o'er their Glasses,
 And want the Vintner to behave
 Himself more cringing than a Slave,

D

Teaze

Teaze him the more, that they may see
His Patience and Humility.

So City-Upstart, proudly Rich,
With Negro Lacquay at his Breech,
Oft turns about, for this or that,
To make the Puppy d'off his Hat,
And show, by humble Scrapes and Bends,
Who 'tis the Collar'd Slave attends.

When Jolly Mortals meet to fuddle,
And fillip Nature on the Noddle,
Men of good Manners and good Sense,
That neither give, nor take Offence,
But kindly use the same Respect
To others, as themselves exact,
The Vint'ner then throws off the poor
Disguise, that humour'd Fools before,
And, reassuming his own Nature,
Like Linco, is another Creature.

Then

Then Manliness, deserving Praise,
Appears in all he does or says,
The best of Wines he lends, or brings,
And treats his noble Friends like Kings,
Enters the Room with comely Grace,
And puts on such a Cherub's Face,
So plump, so smiling, and as pleasant,
As that the God of Wine was present;
And if, when ask'd, domestick Care
Will suff'r'im to assume a Chair,
Such Guests will in his Carriage see
The utmost Affability.

*Just so, the Wit, to make his Game
With noisy Fools, will seem the same;
But when he meets with Men of Parts,
Himself he gen'rously exerts.*

When Youngsters, govern'd by no Rules,
Just rescu'd from their Country Schools,

By doating Mothers fed with Coin,
 Which they too early spend in Wine,
 Or lose in Gaming, which is worse,
 And more destructive to the Purse;
 I say, when these young callow Blades,
 Hugg'd by their Mothers and their Maids,
 At Tavern meet, to sing and roar,
 The Song of black-ey'd *Susan* o'er
 Or join their Tongues to please their Ears
 With *Lev'ridge's* Philosophers,
 Who ow'd their Wisdom to the Bottle,
 From *Thalis*, down to *Aristotle*;
 For these unbridl'd pamper'd Heirs,
 As wild as Colts and rude as Bears,
 The Vint'ner has a Face and Mien
 Peculiar, which are seldom seen,
 But when such Boys their Money spend,
 As love to make their Elders bend.
 So have I known the hoary Head,
 In Science learn'd, profoundly read,
 Bow low to empty Fools for Bread.

Next these, a sort of Sots there are,
 Who crave more Wine than they can bear,
 Yet hate, when drunk, to pay or spend
 Their equal Club, or Dividend,
 But wrangle, when the Bill is brought, as
 And think they're cheated, when they're not,
 Insult the Maſten, damn the Bar,
 Abuse the Wine, belye the Draw'r,
 And make more Miſchief at one Meeting,
 Than twenty Bullies at a ſitting;
 The Vint'ner, when he's thus perplex'd,
 Muſt form a Temper, tho' he's vex'd,
 And, by the Pow'r of Transformation,
 Diveſt himſelf of Gall and Paſſion,
 Then, by ſome *Hocus Pocus* ſight,
 Convince 'em that the Reck'ning's right,
 Amuſe 'em with an odd Deportment,
 Shew 'em Apes Tricks of different ſortment,
 Turn all his Words to healing Plaſters,
 And ſo, Your humble Servant Maſters.

Wife

Wife *Apollonia*, in his Travels,
 Determin'd many Feuds and Cavils,
 Oft reconcil'd contending Nations,
 By Postures and Gesticulations,
 And, as *Philostrophus* reports,
 Appear'd at many Princes Courts,
 There heal'd Divisions and Distractions,
 Not by the Pow'r of Words, but Actions;
 Sometimes he'd Frown, and sometimes Smile,
 Skip, Leap, but never Speak the while;
 And, by these Methods that he took,
 Did Wonders, worthy of *Blunt's* Book;
 Therefore, since Learned *Apollonia*,
 As 'tis in *Greek* most plainly shown us,
 Could Kings instruct, by Madmens Freaks,
 And Quarrels end, by Monkey Tricks,
 I think the Vint'ner, in such Cases,
 Where Men behave themselves like Asses,
 The *Apollonian* Game may play,
 And manage Fools the self same way.

The next that to the Vint'ner teaze,
 Are Fops, too difficult to please,
 Young flutt'ring Rakes, who Scarlet were
 Before they do Commissions bear,
 Well knowing 'tis the only Dye
 That, tempts the wanton Lady's Eye,
 From whence 't'as been observ'd, that Women
 Are caught like *Maycril* by our Seamen
 Bait but your Hook with Scarlet Cloth,
 And you may eas'ly take 'em both.
 When these, who think all Wisdom lies
 In b'ing impertinently nice,
 Are show'd into some spacious Room,
 Where Fencing-Rakes are wont to come,
 And when the Beaus, in great Decorum,
 Are seated, with their Snuffs before 'em,
 The Drawer's order'd, by some Fop,
 To send his absent Master up,
 Who nimbly trips, from Stair to Stair,
 Puts on his best Mercurial Ayre,

Then

Then bending double at the Door,
 Till squee's'd to half his hight, or low'r,
 He bolts upon 'em, *Sins*, d'ye call,
 Then, starting up, grows twice as tall.

So Geese, as into Barns they go,
Do always stoop their Heads full low,
But when they're in, they raise 'em high,
Extend their upright Necks and fly
The Mow, that charms each Goose's Eye.

A Flask of French is now demanded,
 The Vint'ner runs, the Wine is handed,
 And tasted round, but is not lik'd,
 One swears its Poor, another Prick'd,
 The Vint'ner knows 'tis very good,
 Yet dares not say so, for his Blood,
 But forms a grave, judicious Face,
 Then sips, and spurts away a Glass,
 By silence seems to own the Fault,
 And flies like Light'ning to his Vault,

To fetch a fuller Wine, the same,
 But usher'd in another Name,
 Yet that's not good, until he takes
 Another turn to please the Rakes,
 And then some spunging, fencing Bully,
 That makes each silly Fop his Cully,
 Approves the Claret, damns his Blood,
 And swears 'tis right, by all that's Good,
 The rest submit to Captain Bluff,
 There Back commends it, that's enough]

*Thus batter'd Fencers, when they flush
 Young Rakes, and teach 'em how to push,
 Impose what 'er they please upon 'em,
 And fleece 'em, till they've half undone 'em,
 Except they shake 'em off for ease,
 As Dogs in Summer do their Fleas.*

Now all the forward Sparks begin
 To like their Usage and their Wine,

E

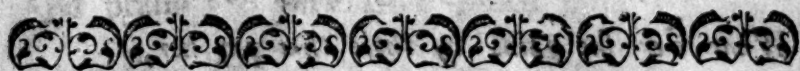
And

And praise the very same much more
 Than they had cry'd it down before,
 The merry Glas goes briskly round,
 No Drawer kick'd, no Fault is found,
 But every thing, at present, seems
 As peaceful as unruff'd Streams,
 Till Drinking, Thwarting, Singing, Roaring,
 Much talk of Fencing, Dancing, Whoring,
 Intoxicate their shallow Senses,
 And then some warm Dispute commences,
 Which, as it's rais'd by bluff'ring Words
 And Oaths, must end in drawing Swords;
 But *Bully Back*, who truly knows
 The Brav'ry of his Cully Beaus,
 Tells them the danger of a Riot,
 And with his Looks soon makes 'em quiet;
 Then, like a skilful Judge and Jury,
 Fines the worst Coward for his Fury,
 Who gladly pays the cunning Knave
 His Flask, to be accounted Brave.

*So Phillis, when she's young and fair,
 What e'er she gains by those that pay her,
 She does on some old Midwyfe spend,
 To make the subtle Bawd her Friend.*

*Thus is the Vint'ner plagu'd all Night,
 Till Morning dims the Candle-light,
 Unwilling to enjoy his Bed,
 For fear some Mischief should succeed,
 That might intail an evil Fame
 Upon his Conduct and his Name;
 For none, tho' in a loftier Station,
 Have more regard to Reputation,
 Or manage what they're forc'd to bear,
 With greater Art or greater Care.*





CANTO III.

The Description of a Tavern.

Without, there hangs a noble Sign,
 Where golden Grapes in Image shine,
 A lovely seeming Fruit, that no
Hesperian Garden e'er could show;
 To crown the Bush, a little Punch,
 Cut *Bacchus* dangling of a Bunch,
 Sits loftily enthron'd upon
 What's call'd (in Minature) a Tun;
 Tho' only render'd to our Eyes,
 A Runlet of a Gallon size,
 But we'er to think, as when we go,
 At Fairs, to see a Puppet-Show,
 That all the Figures we behold,
 Are Men and Women, young or old,

And

And tho' each seems a little Creature,

By fancy, we must make 'em greater.

The external Ornaments that grace

A Tavern, that delightful place,

Are Hieroglyphicks, ment (in fine)

To show, my Landlord sells good Wine,

Where ev'ry one that's low in Spirits,

May be reliev'd by *Whites* or *Clarets*,

Or other Wines that may supply

Their Wants that happen to be dry.

Thus Signs, when first they came in fashion,

Denoted each Man's Occupation,

That Passengers thereby might know,

On all Occasions where to go.

When *Paracelsus* Head you meet,

Or *Galen's*, hanging in the Street,

Walk in, if sick, and you'll be sure

Of Med'cines that may work a Cure.

Look

Look up, and when you once have spy'd
 A bloody Man without his Hide,
 With here and there a square-cap'd Noddy,
 All peering at the scare-crow Body,
 If Pins and Needles chance to tease you,
 There lives all Artift that can ease you.

If In *Moorfields*, a Lady ftroles,
 Among the *Globes* and *Golden-Balls*,
 Where e'er they hang, ſhe may be certain
 Of knowing what ſhall be her Fortune;
 Her Husband's too, I dare to ſay,
 But that ſhe better knows than they.

The pregnant Madam, drawn aſide
 By promiſe to be made a Bride,
 If near her Time, and in diſtreſs
 For ſome obſcure convenient place,
 Let her but take the pains to waddle
 About, till ſhe obſerves a Cradle,
 With the foot hanging towards the Door,
 And there ſhe may be made ſecure

From

From all the Parish Plagues and Terrors,
 That wait on poor weak Women's Errors:
 But if the Head hangs towards the House,
 As very oft we find it does,
 Avant, for she's a cautious Bawd,
 Whose bus'ness only lies abroad.

Reader be patient, and excuse
 Thus long digression of my Muse,
 And now again I'll gladly meet you
 At Tavern, where I mean to treat you,
 With jingling Fare, tho' 'tis confest,
 Verse is but starving Food at best,
 Thin airy Diet, fit for none
 But critick Wits to chew upon.

No sooner does the glitt'ring Sign
 Remind us of salubrious Wine,
 But in we bolt, to eat a Cutlet,
 Or something nice, before we Bottle't:

And

And then as Friends are wont to do,
 Enjoy a happy Hour or two,
 For *Clemens*, *Tates*, and many more,
 By drinking kill'd at past Fourſcore,
 Bequeath'd this Maxim to the Nation,
Drink on, but lay a good Foundation.

When enter'd, we behold a fair
 And well-bred Madam in the Bar,
 Not clad to charm the wanton Gueſt,
 But like a Huſſie neatly dress'd,
 Whole modeſt Looks and Mien agree,
 Not too reſerv'd, nor yet too free,
 But civil to the laſt degree.

Around her, as ſhe ſits in State,
 The nimble Drawers liſt'ning wait,
 That her Commands may be obey'd,
 And e'ery Gueſt be eaſy made,
 Whilſt the Mercurial Maſter plays
 His part, and e'ery Room ſurvey's,

That

That they who've taken up their fitting,
May be supply'd with all that's fitting.

When Nature prompts to eat, behold
The *Safe*, where many Meats lie cold,
Dish'd out, just ready to delight
The hasty peevish Appetite,
Too furious and too keen to rest,
Till some nice Dainty might be dress'd,
Fish, Flesh, and Fowl, in order lying,
For speedy Roasting, Boiling, Frying,
Or any other way that best
May entertain each hungry Guest.
The Kitchen neat, the Pewter bright,
The cleanly Cook dress'd up in white,
Arm'd with a Knife, that might be made
A Backsword, for its length of Blade;
With Saucepans, Stewpans, Pots and Kettles,
All shining in their several Mettles,

To please each hungry Mortal's sight,
And raise the sickly Appetite.

Here useful Fire imprison'd lies,
And thro' strong Bars delights our Eyes,
Comforts our Noses in cold Weather,
And keeps good Company together.

Here wealthy Nigards may be taught
To live as rich Curmudgeons ought,
And how to change their old Frugality,
Into true gen'rous Hospitality.

Here Country 'Squires, by often Treating,
May learn to understand good Eating,
And how they may at home advance
New Kickshaws *a la mode de France*.

In short, here's ev'ry thing to please
All Pallats, Humours, and Degrees,
Pickles and Spices from abroad,
To season our domestick Food,
And Foreign Wines of ev'ry sort,
From costly *French*, to common Port,

Clean Rooms, where nothing can offend us,

Brisk nimble Drawers to attend us,

A Jolly Master to redress

What e'er disturbs our Happiness,

And ev'ry thing that Man can ask,

To make him Godlike o'er the Flask.

Thus he that's wealthy, if he's wise,

Commands an earthly Paradise;

That happy Station, no where found,

But where the Glas goes freely round.

Then give us Wine to drown the Cares

Of Life, in our declining Years,

That we may gain, if Heav'n thinks fitting,

By drinking, what was lost by eating;

For tho' Mankind, for that Offence,

Were doom'd to Labour ever since,

Yet Mercy has the Grape impow'r'd

To sweeten what the Apple sour'd.



C A N T O IV.

The Tavern Tormentors.

HOW blest might ev'ry Station be,
 Would Men love Peace and Amitie!
 How glib and easy would the Cares
 And Toils of our uncertain Years
 Go down, if no ill-natur'd Brothers
 Would pleasure take in plaguing others!
 But since the Fate of things are such,
 That some have little, some too much,
 And that Dame *Fortune's* Purleproud Darlings
 Will have their Humours and their Snarlings,
 The Vint'ner must himself surrender
 To ev'ry cross-grain'd Money-spender,
 And if he'd be accounted Civil,
 Cry, *Sir, you're welcome, to the Devil;*
 Submit to ev'ry Fool's Opinion,
 And Flatter like a Prince's Minion.

But

But of all Hum'rists that delight
 To shew their Folly or their Spight,
 The following List are those that most
 Perplex each Bacchanalian Host,
 Tho' other Trades, as well as they,
 Have Teasers in a diff'rent way.

Among this merry motly Race,
 The Bubble Upstarts claim a place,
 Grown Rich by fictitious Stocks and Funds,
 As Asses thrive on barren Grounds,
 Each rayish'd with his wealthy Store,
 Like Danae with her Golden Show'r,
 Which from the distant Clouds descended,
 Just so our Bublbers are befriended,
 Who growing proud and richer far,
 In fancy, than they really are,
 Assume too much where e'er they come,
 Except where known, and that's at home;
 Huff, strut and wrangle where they Dine,
 Reproach the Cook, dispraise the Wine,
 Dispute the Bill without a cause,
 And chatter worse than Pyes or Daws,

Shewing

Shewing they are not what they wou'd be,
 Nor can, or will be what they shou'd be.
 But curb, O Muse, thy forward Nature,
 All Jobbers merit not thy Satyr,
 Forget not honest Gouty John,
 Who with his Wealth more good has done,
 To Objects worthy of Compassion,
 Than half the *Southeans* in the Nation.
 For which may Providence relieve him,
 From all the pungent Pains that grieve him.
 Prolong his Days, encrease his Riches,
 And keep him from *Podagric* twitches.
 The *Stingy Wrangler* is the next,
 With whom the Vint'ner is perplex'd,
 Who neither goes, nor cares to stay,
 Delights to drink, but hates to pay,
 Is always running whilst he's sitting,
 Yet tarries with the least intreating,
 In hopes, if you presume to ask him,
 You'll, cost-free, Bottle him, or Flask him;

But

But when the Reck'ning's call'd, and brought,
 And he's requir'd to pay his shot,
 He grumbles, fumbles, frets and vexes,
 Like Miser paying Parish-Taxes;
 And thus for half an Hour contends
 With Master, Drawer, and his Friends,
 About Tobacco, Bread and Cheese,
 Or some poor Trifles, such as these;
 Then in a Fury flinging down
 His Eighteen Pence for Half a Crown,
 He sneaks away, confus'd in Mind,
 Despis'd by those he leaves behind.

The *Dinner-Spungers* next succeed,
 Who buy their Wine, but beg their Bread,
 Old Batchelors, untam'd by Women,
 That keep no House, but live in common,
 Feed at some Tavern ev'ry Day,
 But nothing for their eating pay,
 Yet guttle more, where e'er they Dine,
 In Victuals, than they spend in Wine,

And

And ~~know~~, if they like the Joint,
 A Pound, before they drink a Point;
 Not but a Cow-Heel, fry'd with Onions,
 Is exc'lent Fare, in their Opinions,
 For Spungers seldom have a loathing
 To any Hood that costs them nothing,
 But, Miser-like, commend that Feast
 The most, at which they spend the least.

To these we add a Race of Sots,
 Who deal in Jills, or Quartern Pots,
 And think it an unchristian Crime
 To've more before 'em at one time.
 Old moody Knaves, that ne'er will spend
 One handsome Sixpence with a Friend,
 But loll beneath the Kitchen-Shelves,
 And drink, like Hangmen, by themselves,
 Till by repeated Jills they grow
 Half Fuddl'd, then they Pay and go,
 Not Home, but to some other Houses,
 Where they compleat their several Doses,

And

And never stop their course, before,
Till sily Drunk in miniature.
Thus Hypocrites delight to tittle,
But fain would hide it from the People,
And taking Pattern by the Godly,
Drink much, but do it very odly.

Next in the List appears a sett
Of hungry Blades, that love to Whet,
Altho' their Stomachs are indeed
So sharp, that they no Whetting need;
For if a cold Sirloin of Beef,
Or Buttock, lies within the Safe,
The Glas-Defence that stands before it,
Will prove no Bulwark to secure it;
For threat'ning Weapons soon appear,
Drawn out from Pocket or the Bar,
Then begging but a Bit, or so,
They slice one half before they go,
Each feasting at the slender Cost
Of Sixpence for his Wine, at most.

Rare Guests, as ever Fortune sent,
 T'enrich the Taverns they frequent,
 And raise our Vint'ners and their Spouses,
 To Coaches and their Country-Houses.

Another sort of ill-bred Hogs

There are, that act like Cats and Dogs,
 Who in some Kitchen-Box sit watching,
 To gratify themselves by snatching;
 If a fine Turkey's on the Spit,
 By stealth they seize the choicest Bit,
 Drink to the Cook, and whilst they give her
 A Glass, one sneaks away the Liver;
 The Wench she frets and fumes about it,
 They swear a Spaniel Dog run out w'it:
 The Master storms, the Cook is blam'd,
 The Mistress raves, the Dog is damn'd.
 The Guests resent the great abuse,
 The Drawer forms some good excuse:
 And thus the Mischief circles round,
 Occasion'd by one greedy Hound,

If Sauages or Stakes are frying,
 Or Fowls before the Fire lying,
 A Frigacy of Rabbits dressing,
 Or any Dainty worth their tasting,
 Their Fish-hook Fingers will have share,
 In spite of all the Cookmaid's Care.
 Thus, Lady-like, they love what's nice,
 But steal their Prey like Rats and Mice.

These are succeeded by a Clan,
 Call'd, *Yeomen of the Dripping-Pan*,
 Who beg their Bread, which first they bake,
 Till harder than a Bisket-Cake,
 Then in the Drippings of the Roast
 They mollify the crusty Toast,
 And often Breakfast, may be Dine,
 For only one poor Jill of Wine,
 Of three pence-Price, o'er which they swallow
 At least, a Pound of Bread and Tallow,
 And therefore at one Meal must grow
 More fat, than others do at two,

That, would they gorge a Ball, or piece
Of Cotten-Wick among their Grease,
Their stinking Ends, both Night and Morning,
Would mould ye Candles fit for burning.

Others, who've neither Goods or Wives,
Prove fatal Foes to Plates and Knives,
Mercurial Blades, who cannot wait
One flying Moment for their Meat,
But some Experiment, tho' rude
And mischievous, must be renew'd,
One, Pewter turns to pointed Steel,
And makes a Horizontal Wheel,
Till by swift motion, and by weight,
He bores a Hole quite thro' the Plate.

Another takes a Knife and whittles
The Table edge as if 'twas Vi&als,
Else wanting thought of what to do,
He stabs the L'nen thro' and thro',
And does more Damage in his Ayret,
Than all he spends at twice, repairs.

Thus careless Persons may oppress
 Their Neighbours, thro' forgetfulness;
 But when made conscious of the hurt,
 They ought to do 'em justice for't.

But above all, the narrow Souls,
 That love their Bottles and their Bowls,
 No stingy Knave, no sorry Creature,
 Can fall below the Drawer-biter,
 Who likes Collecting, for the sake
 Of keeping his own Reck'ning back:
 Or if there's any small remains
 For Tom, or Fenwick, in his hands,
 He'll stay the last, designing Man,
 To wrong the Draw'r, if he can,
 Tossing him Six-pence, as a blind,
 And keeps, perhaps, three more behind.
 Thus makes himself more base and little,
 Than a Church-ward'n that robs the Spittle,
 Or a Trustee that does oppress
 The Widow or the Fatherless.

The last are sorry Knaves indeed,
 Who Pocket Spoons with which they feed,
 And often cause unjust Reflexions
 On Persons that abhor such Actions,
 Make Servants liable to Blame,
 Stain guiltless Honesty with Shame,
 And are, in short, worse Rogues than they
 That boldly rob in open Way,
 But these are Miscreants by Nature,
 Unworthy of the lowest Satyr,
 Therefore, as Scoundrels we'll reject 'em.
 And leave the Hangman to correct 'em.

C O N C L U S I O N.

Since each kind Vint'ner, Minion-like, must bend
 To teasing Fops and Hum'rists they attend,
 The meanest Wretch with handsome Usage treat,
 Bow low to Upstarts, and to Scrubs submit,
 Let Men of Sense with Jolly Bacchus join,
 To expel each noisy Wrangler from the Vine,
 And raise the ancient Dignity of Wine,

A South-

A South-Sea BALLAD, or, Merry Remarks upon Exchange-Alley Bubbles.

To a New Tune, call'd,

The Grand Elixer, or, The Philosopher's Stone discover'd.

IN London stands a famous Pile,
And near that Pile an Alley,
Where merry Crowds for Riches toil,
And Wisdom stoops to Folly,
Here Sad and Joyful, High and Low,
Court Fortune for her Graces,
And as she Smiles or Frowns, they show
Their Gestures and Grimaces.



(2)

Here Stars and Garters do appear,
Among our Lords the Rabble,
To buy and sell, to see and hear
The *Jews* and *Gentiles* squabble.
Here crafty Courtiers are too wise
For those who trust to Fortune,
They see the Cheat with clearer Eyes,
Who peep behind the Curtain.

(3)

Our greatest Ladies hither come,
And ply in Chariots daily,
Oft pawn their Jewels for a Sum,
To venture't in the Alley.
Young Harlots too, from *Drury Lane*,
Approach the *Change* in Coaches,
To fool away the Gold they gain
By their obscence Debauches.

(4)

Long Heads may thrive by sober Rules,
Because they think and drink not,
But Headlongs are our thriving Fools,
Who only drink and think not.
The lucky Rogues, like Spaniel Dogs,
Leap into South-Sea Water,
And there they fish for Golden Frogs,
Nor caring what comes a'ter.

(5)

'Tis said that Alchimiſts of old
Could turn a Brazen Kettle,
Or Leaden Cistern into Gold,
That noble tempting Mettle,
But if it here may be allow'd
To bring in Great with Small things,
Our cunning *South-Sea*, like a God,
Turns Nothing into All things.

What

(6)
What need have we of *Indian* Wealth,
Or Commerce with our Neighbours,
Our Constitution is in Health,
And Riches crown our Labours.
Our *South-Sea* Ships have golden Shrouds,
They bring us Wealth, 'tis granted,
But lodge their Treasure in the Clouds,
To hide it till its wanted.

(7)
O *Britain* bless thy present state,
Thou only happy Nation,
So odly Rich, so madly Great,
Since Bubbles came in fashion.
Successful Rakes exert their Pride,
And count their airy Millions,
Whilst homely Drabs in Coaches ride,
Brought up to Town on Pillions.

(8)
Few Men, who follow Reason's Rules,
Grow fat with *South-Sea* Diet,
Young Rattles and unthinking Fools
Are those that flourish by it.
Old Musty Jades and pushing Blades,
Who've least Consideration,
Grow Rich apace, whilst wiser Heads
Are struck with Admiration.

(9)
A Race of Men, who t'other day
Lay crush'd beneath Disasters,
Are now by Stock brought into Play,
And made our Lords and Masters.
But should our *South-Sea* Babel Fall,
What Numbers would be Frowning,
The Losers then must ease their Gall
By Hanging or by Drowning.

(10)
Five hundred Millions, Notes and Bonds,
Our Stocks are worth in Value,
But neither lie in Goods or Lands,
Or Money, let me tell ye.
Yet tho' our Foreign Trade is lost,
Of mighty Wealth we vapour,
When all the Riches that we boast
Consist in scraps of Paper.

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FINIS

Then the Nation was made



Now no Lads will go down

The Spittle-Fields Ballad:

O R, I T H E

*Weavers Complaint against
the Callico Madams,*

IN the Ages of old,
When of Silver and Gold,
Instead of Bank Notes, we had plenty,
E're the Name of a Whig
Made a Blockhead look big,
Or the Zealots a Tory could paint ye,

H

Then

Then the Nation was made
 Very rich by her Trade,
 When each Lady wore Silks, if she had em:
 But in Country or Town
 Now no Lads will go down
 But a taudry Callico Madam.

Our Merchants, who of late
 Were so Wealthy and Great,
 Are become full as poor as their Brokers,
 Now the Times are so ill,
 To the Tavern they steal,
 There complain among Tiplers and Smoakers.
 Then, O London, be wise
 And now open thy Eyes,

Be not chous'd by each canting *Jack Adams*,

But strive to regain

What you've lost in the main

By your Bubbles and Callico Madams,

III.

Now our Trade is so bad

That the Weavers run mad,

Thro' the want both of Work and Provisions,

That some hungry poor Rogues

Feed on Grains like our Hogs,

They're reduc'd to such wretched Conditions.

Then well may they tare

What our Ladies now wear,

And as Foes to their Country upbraid 'em,

Till none shall be thought

A more scandalous Slut

Than a taudry Callico Madam.

By

IV.

By the *East* we're oppress'd,
 By the *South* we're distress'd,
 Tho' at Peace with our neighb'ring Nations,
 Yet if Steps be not made
 To recover our Trade,
 It will wear out each Sufferer's Patience,
 For both Sinners and Saints
 Are so full of Complaints
 Of the Tricks that have lately been plaid'em,
 That they curse the *South Sea*
 O'er their Coffee and Tea,
 For not drowning each Callico Madam.

V.

When our Trade was in health,
 For our Women of Wealth,

We

We had Silks, rich Embroid'ries and Satins,

Fine Stuffs and good Crapes

For each ord'nary Trapes

That is destin'd to hobble in Pattins,

But now we've a Chince

For the Wife of a Prince,

And a Butterfly Gown for the gay Dame,

Thin painted old Sheets

For each Trull in the Streets,

To appear like a Callico Madam.

VI.

Our Calamities grow,

Tho' our Trading is low,

Which occasions a great deal of grumbling,

'Cause e'ery one fees,

Or they may if they please,

That our old Woollen Staple is tumbling,

Who

Who endanger

It's no matter

If the Prince of Ind

Or that each,

Should be cur

To some pocky dam

27

F I



danger its fall,
 matter at all
 of Iniquity had 'em,
 each, for a Bride,
 be curfedly ty'd
 ky damn'd Callico Madam.

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I N I S.

